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MORE ON "BABY DOLL"

—John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

COMMUNISM AFTER HUNGARY:

A REPORT

In the United States

by Michael Harrington

In Italy

by Gunnar D. Kumlien

In France

by Robert Barrat

In Great Britain

by Michael P. Fogarty

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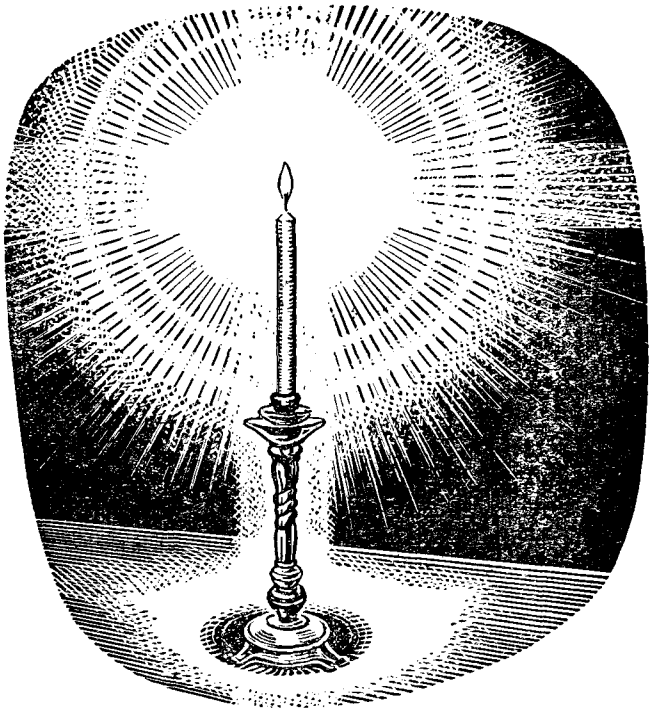

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

A THOUGHT FOR PRESS MONTH

AFTER SOME twenty years of unbroken and expanding prosperity, fears of the recurring American boom and bust cycle are greatly diminished. Despite two wars, rearmament, mobilization, price and wage controls, demobilization, de-control and a new surge of rearmament, the general level of material well-being has kept steadily rising. Nor have serious losses of strategic areas or of national prestige abroad held back this nation's increasingly prosperous course. It has been extensive as well as intensive, for in the past two decades the "ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed" in this country have dropped from a proportion of one-third of the American people in the 1930's to one-fifth today.

Until very recently, at least, government economists at the controls have believed that they had at their disposal credit, tax and other mechanisms capable of stopping in its tracks any depression that might threaten. They may be as confident as ever, but will probably be even better armed if Congress accedes to President Eisenhower's request for a major study of the present workings of the complex financial system of the United States.

In any case there are strong reasons to suppose that prosperity will continue. Its main basis is a vast, ever-expanding domestic market for goods and services. The American family is expected each year to buy and consume a greater and greater amount. Only in this way can the demand for new productive machinery be kept on the rising curve required to keep the key American industry of machine manufacturing fully occupied. If such demand should slacken appreciably, the fear is that the whole process would start to slow down.

But if the prospect of continuous economic expansion is a pleasing one for many an American economist, there are certain theologians and moralists who have misgivings. These are well expressed in brief compass in the January issue of the estimable Protestant monthly, *Social Action* (289 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.); Eduard Heimann, Reinhold Niebuhr and others discuss the question of squaring with Christian ideals the accumulating of a great abundance of material goods. As Dr. Niebuhr expresses it at one point: "we are forced to be 'un-Christian' in the ultimate sense in order to preserve the health of our economy."

THAT IS a rather startling position for Americans to be maneuvered into. As a way out, Dr. Heimann would somehow substitute a "stabilized economy of abundance" for our present "expansionist economy of abundance" in which the machine-building industries dominate the play. For his part Dr. Niebuhr would emphasize the diversion of some of our productive energies to the extremely difficult task of building up the economies of poorly developed foreign countries. Either way a vast educative effort would be necessary—in the latter case partly because of the "economic sophistication" needed to perceive that in the long run the United States itself would benefit from such economic development abroad.

The political arguments for such a course are also considerable. The citizenry of a land representing but six per cent of the population of the world is extremely well off, comparatively speaking, and constantly gets richer and richer. At the same time the bulk of their less favored fellow-men make little or no headway or even lose ground, and resentment deepens. The United States has fewer and fewer real friends in an embattled world. But the basic consideration here is the Christian duty of stewardship, for Americans—as all peoples—

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are essentially but temporary custodians of their wealth, including productive know-how.

Here, perhaps, is a consideration that might receive greater and more practical emphasis than it has in the American Catholic press. Such attention would assuredly be in the spirit of the social encyclicals and of the Christmas messages of Pope Pius XII. Stress on the urgency of foreign economic development would go hand in hand with discussion of renewed efforts to alleviate the plight of the submerged fifth of this country's one hundred and seventy millions.

Among other topics in the same general category, which we make bold to suggest for editorial attention at the beginning of this year's Catholic Press Month, are: the effort to build up a non-segregated society in this country, North and South; substantial aid for the hard-core, non-Hungarian refugees; the nation's migratory farm workers; slum clearance and other urgent community social problems; drastic revision of our national immigration policy; disarmament, the UN and the cause of world peace.

Effectively to bear witness and manifest the Good Tidings to the world involves more than a question of manner. To be sure, certain earmarks are of inestimable importance in Catholic journalism: unassailable fidelity to the facts in every situation discussed; openness to the truth wherever it may be found; fairmindedness and charity in temper and tone without yielding on basic principles. But besides all these, difficult as they are to sustain in the give and take of controversy, is persistent concern for our fellow-men and the well-being of our country. To give practical expression to such concern would appear to be particularly incumbent today upon the Christian journalist.

DOROTHY DAY IN JAIL

DURING THE LAST nation-wide civil defense exercises, Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker refused to take shelter during a mock atomic air raid. She was therefore arrested, brought to trial, and, with five others who also pleaded guilty, sentenced to five days in jail. At this writing, she has already completed her sentence, and so, in a sense, any protest by us is an idle gesture. Yet, idle or not, we want to make it, as we did when she was first arrested.

We are familiar, we think, with most of the standard arguments that will be used to justify Dorothy Day's conviction and jail sentence. But all the talk about taking the consequences for violations of penal law, of the need to maintain public order, of the overriding demands of the public good, and the like, strike us as beside the point.

If an H-bomb hit Manhattan, everyone knows where Dorothy Day would be if she survived. She would be in the midst of the dead and dying, binding the wounds and comforting the comfortless, as she has been doing through the Catholic Worker for more than two decades. But now, when the horrible reality of an H-bomb raid is not upon us, and when she and her fellow-pacifists expressed in a non-violent way their opposition to atomic warfare, we have put her and them in prison.

Dorothy Day would probably reject the terms on which we protest the treatment she has received. We are not pacifists. We are quite willing to take shelter during an air-raid drill—though we agree that the full consequences of nuclear war upon a civilian population have never been honestly faced. But although we do not share her convictions on modern war, we are proud of the fact that this nation has always recognized the right of conscience —that the individual has the right, for example, to be a conscientious objector and refuse to bear arms in peace or war. Yet despite this tradition that provides for dissent and non-conformity, the authorities now cannot find a way to allow Dorothy Day to refuse to participate in a mock air-raid drill without clapping her in jail.

The deed is done, and there is no help for it now. Indeed, there may be some who will sleep more easily in their beds tonight because Dorothy Day was put behind bars. We simply want to say that we are not among them.

DEMOCRATS AND THE MIDDLE EAST

DEMOCRATS in Congress obviously feel that they have been the victims of a political shell game in the Middle East. The feeling is understandable enough. During the Presidential campaign, candidate Adlai Stevenson insisted that all was far from well in the Middle East; the Communists, he said, were in the process of winning a major victory there because of inaction and lack of foresight on the part of the Administration. Not so, said the Republicans stoutly; the news from the Suez was good, President Eisenhower announced shortly before the roof fell in.

Now, however, Mr. Eisenhower is asking Congress to back him in a long-overdue effort to take action in the Middle East. Mr. Dulles is not now claiming that every day things are getting better and

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better; instead, he told the Senate that the crisis in the Middle East constitutes "the most serious threat we have faced over the last ten years."

In the face of all this, it is small wonder that the Democrats are nettled. Yet we think there is nothing they can or should do except to back up Mr. Eisenhower in his plans for the Middle East. The Eisenhower Doctrine is far from perfect; the very fact that it is hard to say just what it involves illustrates its weaknesses. Yet any policy in this case is better than no policy, and the Democrats should quit brooding about Republican tactics during the campaign and back it or improve it. Resisting the temptation to make Republican spokesman eat crow will be hard, but it has to be done.

VIOLENCE IN MONTGOMERY

THE HAND of violence has been laid again on Montgomery, Alabama, "cradle of the Confederacy" and scene of a long, legally successful effort to end Jim Crowism on the city's busses.

The homes of two anti-segregation ministers were bombed, that of the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, one of the leaders in the year-long Negro boycott of the busses, and the other that of the Rev. Robert Graetz, the white pastor of a Negro Lutheran church, who had supported the boycott. The Reverend Abernathy's church was also bombed, as were three other prominent Negro churches, two of which were virtually destroyed.

It must be said that the disciples of violence, the masked representatives of the "superior" race who set off bombs in the night, had picked their targets well. From the beginning, the Negro boycott had been led by ministers of the Gospel, who had pledged their support to a campaign of non-violence and non-resistance. The disciples of violence were also theologians of an instinctual kind. They attempted to destroy the churches of the Negro in Montgomery, because in these churches the Negro had conceived the plan of the boycott, had received the inspiration of meeting violence with meekness, and had drawn the strength to remain meek, day after day, in the face of the great trials and provocations met in carrying the boycott to a successful conclusion. It was in the churches, after each outrageous tactic by white racists, that the Negroes were exhorted by their pastors "to pray for those who oppose you; pray that God give us strength to remain non-violent though we may face death." If the churches were the source of the Negroes' strength, if the churches generated the awesome power of non-violence, then the churches, reasoned the racists, must be destroyed.

"The meek," wrote Michelet, "have no historian," and he was largely right. But the meek have made history, and the Christian meek of Montgomery are making it today. Kierkegaard was expressing the Christian tradition when he said that the meek shall inherit the land in the sense that "they will teach men a new conception of power." It is the power of non-violence which the white extremists have felt growing in Montgomery and throughout the South; this is the power which they do not understand, and hence try to destroy with the weapons of violence. And if the meek of Montgomery will have no historian, neither will its nameless and faceless violent, who tried, by bombing churches, to erase the history which the meek have written there.

ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

ON JANUARY 18, three United States Air Force Stratofortresses completed a 45-hour, non-stop, around-the-world flight. General Curtis Le May pinned the Distinguished Flying Cross on each crew member who completed what the commander of the lead plane described as a "routine training mission," but which the Air Force said was proof of its "capability to drop a hydrogen bomb anywhere in the world."

The attention given to this "routine mission" is strangely disturbing. It may be, as has been suggested, that the Air Force was mainly trying to impress Congress so that Air Force appropriations would not be cut. If so, they put up a fine show. But Congress was not the sole spectator. The flight will be noted by every country interested in the armed might of the United States. And so will the statement about our ability to drop the H-bomb. In a cold war which seems to be mounting to heights of the past, it is well that the United States be armed. It is well that Moscow know that there are limits beyond which we would not be pushed. But these arguments do not justify publicizing such a statement about the H-bomb. For it is, ultimately, an irresponsible statement.

Russia could draw from the flight itself a lesson about our strength and technical proficiency. We do not need to instruct her. But, given this juncture of our history and the tensions which exist around the world, do we need to say that we can drop an H-bomb anywhere we wish? Will the countries we wish to win to our side be more impressed with

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our strength, or will their attention shift to the implied threat contained in our boast? The entire statement is, unfortunately, typical of our approach to political warfare and demonstrates that it is an approach which needs badly to be revised.

EGYPTIAN DILEMMA

TAKING A rigid stand in politics is much like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel; it should be done rarely, and then only for the most excellent reasons, with as clear a view as possible of all probable consequences.

The United States, for example, took a rigid stand on the Israeli invasion of Egypt. This country not only denounced the invasion, but took the position that Israel must withdraw unconditionally, and thereby threw the weight of its support to President Nasser, who also insisted on a complete withdrawal of all Israeli forces.

Subsequent events, however, have made the Administration wonder if it backed the right horse but the wrong jockey. To demand, as Nasser does, that Israel withdraw from Egypt without any guarantees regarding freedom from guerrilla attacks or free passage through the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba, is to restore the very state of affairs which precipitated the Israeli military action.

Accordingly, Washington is beginning to favor a proposal which would use the UN police force in Egypt to protect Israel from recurrence of the attacks and the blockade thrown around her.

Such a move, however, will surely encounter opposition from the Arab-Asian bloc within the UN. If, to protect the legitimate interests of Israel, the United States takes the lead in pushing such a proposal, as this country's role as leader of the West may demand, we shall be in open opposition to the Arab-Asian bloc, whose increased favor we have just won by our anti-Israeli stand in the UN and want to keep. One can only trust that this whirlwind turn of events has taught those shaping our foreign policy that all-or-nothing decisions are usually hard to live with.

A "LITTLE MAGAZINE"

THE THIRTIETH anniversary of the *Prairie Schooner,* a quarterly published by the University of Nebraska Press, is an appropriate occasion to consider the very real glory of the "little magazines." Only recently have their real value and importance come to be realized. But it is evident, in retrospect, that the cultural scene of twentieth century America would have been considerably diminished without the "little magazines" which spread themselves across the nation.

The term "little magazine" is subject to many definitions, but any definition must recognize that the defining adjective "little" refers more to the circulation of the magazine than it does to its format; that the magazine is expected to operate at a deficit and that, most often, the expectation is richly fulfilled; that it is guided by some recognizable point of view; that it is free from the restrictions of commercial publishing; and, most important, that it welcomes and encourages the new writer. Many of the little magazines are so single-minded that they die when their sole mission is accomplished. Many are simply outrageous and, after an initial stir, are easily dismissed. Occasionally the little magazine gains a national reputation and is subject to all the restricting influences felt by an acknowledged institution. It may continue to function, but the blight of acknowledged success is upon it. This, too, is a kind of death for the magazine.

The *Prairie Schooner* has escaped all of these dangers. It remains a little magazine, with a limited audience, a definite point of view, and, presumably, a continuing deficit. In spite of the fact that it has published well-known authors it has remained open to the young, the hopeful and the unrecognized. Much of the credit for these real accomplishments must go to the man who founded the *Prairie Schooner*, Lowry C. Wimberly, for he has edited it for the last thirty years. Under his editorship the *Prairie Schooner* was the first to publish Jessamyn West, Helene Magaret, Jesse Stuart and Weldon Kees. As the *Schooner* lost its regional limitations, it published, among many who could be named, Mary Deasey, August Derleth, Federico Garcia Lorca, William March and Tennessee Williams.

Such a record, and it could be extended, would in itself justify the existence of the *Schooner*. But it would leave unrecognized the many people who have profited from appearing in its pages but who will remain forever unknown to the general reading public. For these people, too, the editor and the magazine have performed a real, if unmeasurable, service.

At a time when national magazines that number their circulation in the millions must collapse, it is pleasant to acknowledge the sturdy stream of little magazines like the *Prairie Schooner*. May it prosper under its new editor, Karl Shapiro, as it has under the distinguished editorship of its founder.

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In the United States

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE EVENTS of the last year have had a profound effect upon American Communists. One Communist, for example, is reported to have said that he was glad his father had died before the Twentieth Party Congress, and a number of Party members have said that they had wasted ten years of their lives. These are expressions of the texture, the feel, of what has been going on in the Communist Party in the past year; they are the symptoms of a deep political crisis.

The crisis actually began with the Khrushchev revelations, although even prior to the Twentieth Congress a reorientation had been going on in the American Communist Party. In 1952, the Party had begun to revise its line, backing away from its independent fronts such as the Progressive Party, and moving toward the "mass" liberal organizations. Even then, there were sharp conflicts which briefly broke out into the open, such as the dispute between Vito Marcantonio and the Party. But by and large, the argument was internal and subterranean. Only now, a year later, do we learn, for example, that in 1955 there had been a heated argument between the Party's Chairman, William Z. Foster, and *Daily Worker* editor John Gates. The impact of the Twentieth Congress changed all that: it brought issues out into the open, involved the rank and file of the Party in debate, and has spread to public organs of the American Communists.

The initial reaction to the Khrushchev speech was somewhat muted. Throughout the late spring and summer, there were statements about "differences" among the members of the top Party Committee, but their exact nature was kept secret. However, as discussion in the Party rank and file developed, there was insistence that the leadership declare their positions openly, and clubs and sections of the Party demanded publication of the various positions. Then William Foster announced that he had abstained on the Draft Resolution passed by the top Party Committee, and a little later he changed his vote to "No." With that, the fight was in the open, and it has been going on ever since.

Foster and his faction are determined to act as if the Twentieth Party Congress, the Polish uprising in October and the Hungarian Revolution have made little difference in the Party's life. These men tend to come forward as defenders of orthodoxy, as "scientific" socialists, "Leninists," and opponents of a dangerous revisionism. To them, the major danger is not that the Party will be unable to change with events, but that it will change too much. They regard their critics as a "right" danger, as Browderites, who are moving in the direction of anti-Sovietism. Initially, there was another faction, led by Party Secretary Eugene Dennis, which disagreed both with Foster and with John Gates. But in recent weeks, Dennis has moved into Foster's camp, and has engaged Gates and his partisans in sharp controversy.

THE GROUP around Gates is by far the most interesting. It would seem to embrace a whole stratum of Party leaders who came into the movement through the Young Communist League in the thirties. Its influence is strong within the *Daily Worker* staff and the New York State Communist Party, but it is extremely weak in official circles on the West Coast, where the *People's World* maintains a center of "orthodoxy." The thing that makes the Gates faction different, qualitatively different, from the Foster-Dennis grouping is that it seems to contain people who are reacting honestly, if hesitatingly after so many years in the intellectual prison of Stalinist ideology, to the events that have been shaking the Communist world.

Take the Hungarian Revolution as a litmus. Gates has attacked both instances of Russian intervention (the first, when Gero called for troops, and the second, the November fourth mass-murder); the National Committee has confined itself to questioning only the first, and Foster and company have discovered that the freedom-fighters were "fascists." This led to

Mr. Harrington is a frequent contributor whose work has also appeared in such publications as the *Partisan Review*, the *Catholic Worker*, *Dissent*, *Anvil*, *Poetry* and others. Last year in The Commonweal he wrote "New Party Line" and "The Nature of Stalinism," the first a discussion of changing Communist tactics in the United States and the second an analysis of the essential character of the Soviet system.

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an interesting exchange. Dennis, quoting a British Communist publication, charged that "sixty thousand fascists" had crossed the Hungarian border between April and October. (As one wit pointed out, there must have been ideological turnstiles on the border.) And Joseph Clark, a *Daily Worker* columnist, replied first, that Dennis had taken the fact from him, second, that he had actually been referring to a figure which indicated that sixty thousand people had crossed into Hungary in that period.

But it was Lester Rodney, *Worker* sports editor, who wrote the most interesting statement made by a member of the Gates group. Speaking of Hungary, he said, "I do not understand how we can condone in any way the forcible imposition of an unwanted government on a people by the armed forces of another country and still speak to our fellow Americans about each nation's own path to socialism. . . I am afraid that I no longer have confidence in the ability of the Soviet leaders to decide when a nation is fascist or going fascist. Eight years ago we were told that Yugoslavia was fascist—because it determinedly took a national road to socialism, and rejected inferior status. . ."

Such a statement in the *Daily Worker,* even as an individual point of view and not as an editorial, is quite literally unprecedented. To me, it is evidence of something which I once wrongly thought was impossible: that even those who have participated in the Stalinist movement for years, who have made every twist and turn of the line, can begin to make independent criticisms. One cannot tell whether Gates, Rodney, or their co-thinkers, will make the transition complete and arrive at a democratic point of view. Yet they have taken the first, and most crucial, step—they are apparently reacting on their own, honestly, with hesitation and all kinds of throw-backs to their old position, but on their own. Thus it is that Norman Schrank, a member of the Gates faction, wrote in *Party Voice,* the discussion organ of the New York State Party, ". . . What is wrong in characterizing the socialism we seek as democratic socialism?"

WHERE WILL all this come out? In part, the answer depends on the February Convention. If the Foster-Dennis faction is victorious, the discussion and debate which has been going on will probably be ended. In that case, it is hard to see the Gates group submitting to a political line which they have so basically and fundamentally criticized. If the Gates faction wins, the ferment will most likely continue within the Party itself. But in either case, a profound change is taking place, and it may well come to a showdown this February at the Party Convention.

All of this poses, I think, a serious problem for democrats. I felt until recently that the main task of democratic anti-Communists would be to resist the blandishments of the popular-front line. In the light of recent developments, this judgment must be revised. The popular-front line remains as pernicious as ever, but that is no longer the central question. The Communist Party is still operating in mass organizations, but its main energy is directed inward in an attempt to deal with its own political crisis. And what is new is the character of the Gates faction.

It is now clear that there are people within the Communist Party who have made one extraordinarily significant break: they no longer simply accept the Moscow line. The reaction of various Party leaders to the Russian intervention in Hungary on November 4th is proof of this. This is not to say that this grouping has broken completely with Stalinism (and I use that as a generic term designating both the Stalin and Khrushchev regimes). They still regard the monstrous totalitarian state in Russia as "socialist," "progressive"; they still refuse to face the full implication of their position on Hungary and to come out for democracy everywhere, in Moscow as well as in Budapest; they still apologize for all kinds of evils in the past. But then, one cannot expect a complete and total break to be made in an instant. And, once again, they *have* begun to abandon their Stalinist methodology, i.e., they are trying to approach questions independently and honestly, rather than by simply reciting the latest dictates of the Kremlin.

On the one hand, it would be wrong to think that people in such a state of political transition, and with many ideological hold-overs from the past, can simply be welcomed into the democratic movement. But on the other hand, it must be stressed that they have made a step in the direction of democracy, and we should be concerned to help them take the next step. We can no longer rule out a dialogue with these people, at least as long as they maintain their newly-won independence of thought. We can reach them now. Our purpose is clear and it should be openly stated: to break them from every vestige of support of totalitarianism and its works and agencies; to convince them that the alternative to the old position is not reaction, but rather a democratic anti-Communism; in short, to conserve all that was valid in the instinct that led them to the Communist Party, while rooting out every trace of the anti-democratic perversion of those values which the Communist Party worked upon them.

THIS IS not a simple program. For one thing, what kind of a governmental policy should democrats advocate toward a sizeable group which would emerge from the Communist Party? Is the price of breaking to be that of "naming names"? Shall they be considered

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tainted until they appear before some committee or talk to the FBI? And here I am not talking of those who have knowledge of espionage, or anything like it. I am talking of rank-and-file Party members and leaders who were wrong, tragically wrong, but who were honestly engaged in following mistaken convictions, not in spying. If the price is naming names, then we shall reduce the number of those who will break, and "anti-Communism" will become an agency for inducing people to remain Communists.

Involved in this fact is a basic distinction. The Communist issue is so complex because it involves two different elements. On the one hand, there were those (a tiny minority) in the Communist movement who were members of a foreign espionage apparatus. From what we know by the testimony of those who broke with this aspect of Party life, the members of this minority did not normally engage in "regular" Communist activities: Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley did not go around signing petitions. On the other hand, there was the majority of the Party. They participated in giving political support to totalitarianism, which is tragic—but not treason. And their activity is not a police problem; it is a political problem. It is to them that democrats must address themselves. And the aim should not be one of getting "names"; it should be one of political dialogue, based on the hope of political conversion.

And the political content of the democratic dialogue with the Communist must be of a piece with the very promptings which are causing him to reexamine his relation to the Party: the debate must be over the question of democracy. If some now understand that the Russian tanks shooting down the workers in the streets of Budapest were engaged in a monstrous act, we must ask them, "What of the tanks in Moscow which keep the workers there from even raising their voices?" And, at the same time, the democrat must have an answer to *their* question: "If repression in Moscow is bad, what, then, about North Africa, Egypt, Spain, Formosa?" In short, what is required is a genuine, democratic political program that can appear as a real alternative to those in the Communist Party who are engaged in honestly re-thinking their position.

The American Communist Party is in a state of basic and fundamental transition. It contains, and this is momentous, a faction which is, in some ways, independent of Moscow, though retaining all kinds of illusions about totalitarianism. It has been shaken to the very depth of its being by the revelations of Khrushchev and the brutalities of the Russian murder of Hungarian freedom. For anti-Communists, this is not a time for vindictiveness; we should not demand that those who are honestly groping their way out from an intellectual prison should see as the only alternative another intellectual prison, a hard, fast, Big-Brotherish insistence upon naming names. Neither is it a time for diminishing one whit of our opposition to Communism. Rather, it is a political opportunity—to put forth democracy as a real alternative, to intervene by means of a dialogue which, unexpectedly, has become possible for the first time in years.

COMMUNISM AFTER HUNGARY

In Great Britain

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

IT WILL BE twenty years soon since my friend and Oxford contemporary Lewis Clive fell in Spain with the International Brigade, fighting in a good spirit for an evil cause. There have been better causes since then, but we have faced them in a different, more businesslike and flatter way. During the second world war, or the Korean conflict, if you were in the Army you did what had to be done, and if not you got on with the day's ordinary work. You did not burn with a flame of enthusiasm to get out and slaughter the enemy. Recently, however, the spirit of the volunteers of the International Brigade has lived again, but this time it is not on the side of the Communists. Recruitment for a brigade to help Hungary actually started; it could have been manned many times over had there been a reasonable chance of getting it into action. The Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress have set their faces firmly against strike action on Suez, in spite of their no less firm condemnation of the Government's policy. But dock workers at Liverpool and Hull have refused to load ships for Russia, and at least one sober T.U.C. leader is on record as saying that if he thought it would keep a single Russian

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tank out of Budapest he would tie the country up tighter than in the General Strike of 1926.

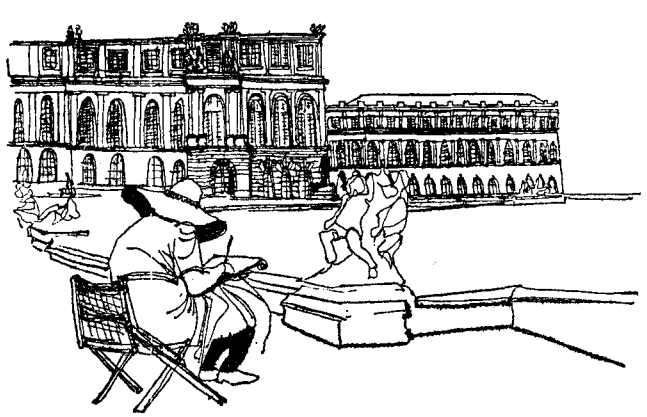
The massacre of freedom in Hungary has, in fact, moved the British people to its depths, and this includes the British Communist Party. The storm burst in the second week of November, after the second Russian intervention in Budapest. On November 9 Will Paynter, President of the South Wales Area of the miners' union, one of the Communists' traditional bailiwicks, managed by the skin of his teeth to hold his executive to a compromise resolution which did not openly condemn the Soviet Union. But on the twelfth the Scottish miners defeated their Communist executive for the first time since (so far as I know) at least 1949, and came out in support of the Hungarians. In the next few weeks Alex Moffat, a great leader of the hunger marchers of the thirties and brother to Abe Moffat, the Communist president of the Scottish miners, broke with the Party. So did a majority of the leaders of the Communist-controlled Fire Brigades Union, and individual Communist officers from the Electrical Trades Union and elsewhere. The rot spread to the intellectuals. A couple of Communist professors quit; so did the features editor of the London *Daily Worker*. The *Worker's* Budapest correspondent, Peter Fryer, resigned his job on the ground that the paper was not using his despatches, but did not leave the Party. The Red Dean of Canterbury gave it to be understood that the Christian conscience could not in all ways approve of the Soviet action in Hungary.

All over the country, Communists were shown clearly what their fellow-workers thought of them. At Girlings' brake factory, close to Newport, a Communist organizer had been holding regular Wednesday factory gate meetings. November 14 was his unlucky day. Workers went into action with stones and anything else handy, ripped the loudspeaker off his car, and threatened to overturn it unless he made a quick getaway. By the end of November the *Daily Worker* was talking about "the most intense discussion and conflict of opinion in the history of the Communist Party." A special national conference has been promised for early 1957, and, among other things, it will "pronounce decisively on the various tendencies towards diminishing the role of the Party or weakening its organizational principles." The debate goes on.

THERE IS no doubt that the Party has taken a nasty knock. But, to quote a *Worker* correspondent, "steady, boys and girls, steady!" In the great words of D. N. Pritt, leading Communist lawyer and Labor M.P. until he was expelled, a party which has survived the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, the Finnish war and Korea, can expect to win through this time too. The big names are still there; those who have quit are secondary figures, often already compromised. The Fire Brigades Union group, for example, shaken by the debunking of Stalin, had already sponsored a move to declare the Party dissolved. There remains an invaluable asset in the shape of the *Daily Worker,* which is, for its size (four pages—small even by British standards), the most effective paper in the country. It is technically first-class; in 1954 it tied with the *Times* for first place in the Newspaper Design Award, and this year it won the award outright, with the *Sunday Times* second. It also manages to give, as Labor's *Daily Herald* does not, the impression of being written by adults for adults.

As the pressure rose the *Worker* opened the safety valve. Hostile and skeptical correspondence was freely printed. When Fryer quit the paper his reasons for doing so were published, though of course with editorial comment. A series of lead articles by the editor, the General Secretary, and R. Palme Dutt, the Party's leading intellectual, tried to give perspective. At first rather stilted and, to judge by the tone of correspondence, unsatisfactory to many Party members, these articles became progressively clearer and smoother. Budapest despatches having some relation to the facts were skillfully used, notably in a series by Charlie Coutts, Communist editor of *World Youth*. The paper's correspondence was steered in the right direction. There has now emerged a line which, if not persuasive to non-Communists, may at least be sound enough to save the faith of the converted.

There is no attempt today to present what happened in Hungary as anything but a tragedy, a major setback to Communism as well as to human welfare. The present line goes something like this. The Hungarian workers had legitimate grievances, due to holding on too long to the Stalinist line. In the dramatic phrase of Arthur Horner, Communist General Secretary of the miners' union, gas accumulated in the mine until a spark fired it. The demonstrations in Budapest on October 23 and 24 were at first spontaneous, the affair largely of "honest" students and workers. There were



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incidents, and suspicious signs of counter-revolutionary organizers at work; how, in particular, did it come that arms were available so quickly and in such large quantities? The first intervention of Soviet troops, on October 24, turned public opinion and much of the Army against the government, but passed off fairly well. When, however, the Soviet troops withdrew it was seen how they were needed, for law and order collapsed. Lynch law prevailed, and Communists were massacred indiscriminately and in circumstances of general beastliness.

The long efforts of American propaganda (the famous hundred million dollars for the liberation of Eastern Europe) and of emigré groups now paid off. Though much of the movement was still "honest" and spontaneous, the line goes on, fascist organizers came more and more into the lead. More "serious" parties such as the Agrarians and Social Democrats were refounded, but were too busy getting organized to be immediately effective. The insurgents raised their demands, and Prime Minister Nagy retreated from concession to concession. A decisive point was Cardinal Mindszenty's broadcast on November 3, headlined in the *Worker* as "Let Us Return to Capitalism." The Cardinal was quoted: "the land to be taken from the peasants and the workshops from the working class; the restoration of the economic and political power of the Church; and direct Western intervention." (John Gollan, General Secretary of the Party, in the *Worker* of November 7.)

Here was the program around which the emerging reactionary forces could rally. The Workers' (Communist) Party had fallen to pieces; government had collapsed; the whole impression was of a "vast and confused movement lurching unintentionally into fascism." Power was lying in the gutter, waiting for reactionary elements to pick it up. In the interests of law and order, of preserving the achievements—great in spite of Stalinism—of the years of socialism, and of opening the ground for a new start, Janos Kadar took the only action that remained possible. He broke with Nagy, re-founded the Workers' Party, and called in the only force available to restore order. The bitterness this caused was understandable. But, "with heavy hearts," British Communists must recognize that there was nothing else to be done. This then is the new line.

AND THE conclusions for the future? That there was a real need for democratization in Eastern Europe. That Soviet-worship had been overdone, and the right of countries to their own road to socialism needs to be more clearly recognized. The Polish case is held up now as an ideal. But above all that the road to socialism still lies along the strait and narrow way of Marxism, and that those who believe in this way must still hang together. "No scientist sets about to wreck his laboratory because one of a series of experiments encounters difficulties." If the comrades differ, let them come to the conference and use their votes. But let them not destroy their own power by quitting.

I need not say how much this distorts and leaves out. But will the Party get away with it? I think, after a temporary setback, it will. It may even emerge stronger than before through having loosened up its muscles, let in some fresh air, and blown out as much more of Stalinism as is consistent with its remaining a Communist Party at all. The row will die away, people's memories will fade, and the Party story, with all its gaps and twists, will get some belief. The trouble until now has been that the Hungarians, though dead, will not lie down. British Communists and Conservatives will get on with their respective designs more easily when the strikes are over and the last train of deportees has rumbled off to Siberia. I would feel happier about the prospects of a final undoing of the British Communist Party if Labor had presented a more effective alternative both to the Communist and to the Conservative policy.

I referred to the spirit of the International Brigade. If that is interpreted literally and exactly, and not merely in terms of action within Great Britain, there has not been much of it on the Labor front bench. A Labor Shadow Cabinet member was speaking the other night in Cardiff. A colleague of mine got up to ask if we could not help Hungary with something more effective than sympathy and carloads of bandages. The answer was simple. "Do you want a third world war?"

I like to dream of what might have happened if Labor had risen up, in those last vital days when Russian troops were closing in but the road into Hungary was still open, and demanded that the paratroops then on their way to Port Said should drop in Budapest instead; or at least that the ultimatum addressed to Egypt be readdressed to the U.S.S.R. A great risk? Certainly, but in a very just cause. Max Pribilla—he was thinking of the Nazi dictatorship—has set out very clearly the conditions for a just rebellion. If ever there was one, this was it. And with all Eastern Europe cracking and rumbling under the Communists' feet, the prize was proportional to the risk.

One can understand that Conservatives would not take this line; they were busy in other parts of the world. But Labor was not. The British Communist Party, at least, had no doubt about the natural line for the Right Wing to take. It was, wrote the *Daily Worker,* to demand that the Suez adventure be dropped and all forces concentrated against Russia. In principle Labor certainly approved such a policy; but not, in

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practice, to the extent of demanding any action at all likely to interfere with the Soviet slaughter of Hungary. That was the attitude of the leadership, and on the whole I would say that the rank and file were with them. Is it that the party which demanded sanctions against Mussolini back in 1935, condemned Munich, demanded Churchill as Prime Minister in 1940, and backed the Berlin airlift and the American action in Korea has at last lost its nerve?

Perhaps; but there is also another and happier explanation. Successful revolt under a Communist regime is a new thing, to which we do not easily and automatically find the response. I have seen this bewilderment before, back in 1934, when Labor was making the adjustment from a time of disarmament to that of rearmament against Hitler. If Hitler had marched on Danzig in 1934 instead of 1939, Labor's reaction would have been far less clear than it was. I would at least like to think—I am not sure, I admit, what I really do think—that Hungary is the Czechoslovakia and Budapest the Munich beyond which there will be no further retreat.

COMMUNISM AFTER HUNGARY

In Italy

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

THE EIGHTH Congress of the Italian Communist Party at the beginning of December could not have taken place under more disastrous auspices. The events in Hungary had shaken world Communism to its very foundations, and if the Congress took place at all, it was only because it had been planned long before anybody could foresee what would happen. It was attended by delegations from practically every country with a sizeable Communist party, and included the Eastern bloc as well as the West. Its guest of honor was to have been Michael Suslov, the youngest and most promising representative of the Stalinist leaders in the USSR, but the Italian authorities turned down his request to enter the country. The fact, however, that he was either invited or had invited himself, showed right from the beginning that the Russian intention was to check the growing tendency among Italian Communists to follow a too-nationalistic line.

In fact, the aging Italian Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, succeeded in following a sort of middle path between Stalinism and national Communism, and to postpone any definite solution in what was tactically a very clever performance, which may, however, also be his last. If this was the only possible way for him to save what could be saved under such unfavorable circumstances, it did not satisfy the increasingly unruly opposition within the Party. After the Congress one of its leaders, Eugenio Reale, who is considered to be one of Italy's most prominent Communists and Italy's postwar Ambassador to Poland, was expelled from the Party. He was followed by a group of Communist intellectuals who resigned from the Party.

Earlier, about one hundred Communist intellectuals had publicly protested against the Russian intervention in Hungary. But it was clear enough after the Congress that the bulk of the opposition had decided to remain inside the Party, at least for the time being, firmly decided to "reform it from within." The battle is still to come. The occasion will perhaps be the anticipated elections, during which the Italian Communist rank and file will have its say.

In the meantime, Togliatti's line of defense against the opposition throws a revealing light on the very essence of the Communist crisis. He does not agree with the strangely static—but perfectly logical—Stalinist attitude of the French Communists, for example. According to them, destalinization has proved to be wrong and this view was clearly and brilliantly expressed by Jacques Duclos, the head of the French delegation to the Italian Congress. Togliatti, on the contrary, tried to prove that the Italian Communist Party had started on the road to national Communism ten years ago and now has only to continue along the same path.

In saying this he is not altogether wrong. The Italian Communists for instance inaugurated towards religion an extremely cautious policy which was followed by many other Communist parties only after the death of Stalin. On the whole, however, his contention is sophistical; he himself is a Moscow-trained Communist veteran, and has, for the most part, blindly followed the Stalinist line to the very end. He supported Tito's

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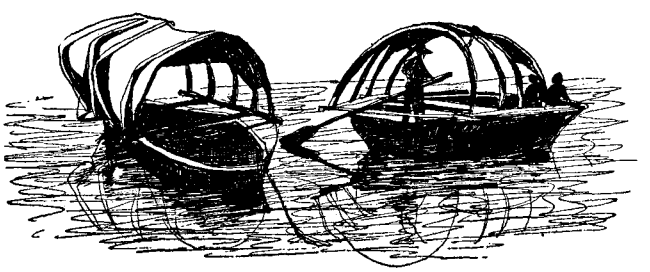
condemnation by Moscow in 1948, and never had any objection to the Stalinist crimes before they were exposed by Khrushchev. His opposition within the Party regards his position as intolerable; to them, Togliatti's defense is only a futile attempt to gain time.

DURING THE Congress Togliatti tried to provoke the members of the opposition and thus lure them into compromising themselves. "Express your objections without reticence," he told them. If they condemned the party line altogether, as they obviously wanted to do, it would have been easy to brand them as "enemies of the people," according to the time-honored Communist tradition, and expel them as "Social-Democratic deviationists." "Social-traitors," Lenin's famous name for Social-Democrats, still has a very nasty ring about it among Communists. The opposition, however, did not let itself be provoked into a compromising position. Obviously, it did not want to push things too far so soon after the events in Hungary, but its show of force was impressive.

Among the foreign delegations the Polish and Yugoslav Communists represented, as expected, the national Communist line, whereas the Czechs, the Rumanians and the Bulgarians represented a pro-Soviet and cautiously Stalinist line. The foreign delegations, too, were obviously anxious not to push their inner contrasts too far for the time being, owing to the events in Hungary, but here also it seemed a hopeless undertaking to try to bridge over the divisions. In the meantime, breath-taking dialectical efforts were made to give acceptable names to these divisions, and sometimes the delegates indulged in subtle hairsplittings reminiscent of the excess of medieval scholasticism. The present divisions were called "polycentrism," as opposed to the old "monocentrism" of unmitigated Stalinism, but the USSR still retains a "historical priority." What made these learned definitions all the more pathetic was the fact that those involved, or anybody in the audience for that matter, realized perfectly well that all this was pure theory and had very little to do with the unpleasant reality underneath; the definitions were simply soothing euphemisms.

The expelled Communist leader Eugenio Reale accuses Togliatti of ruining the Italian Communist Party through his doubledealing; Togliatti has half promised



the Party dissidents that a clear break with the past will be made, but at a more appropriate occasion and, at the same time, he has given assurances to the Stalinists within the Party that everything will remain as it was before if only they have the patience to wait until Hungary is forgotten. In reality, Reale goes on, Togliatti is trying to gain time, so that he will be able to follow suit blindly as soon as the struggle for power in the USSR will have been decided one way or the other. He is of the old school, and unable to change because he is too old to change, is Reale's conclusion.

In the meantime, the Italian Socialist Party of the left is steadily gaining strength. Hungary caused its first great split with the Communists, and its leader, Pietro Nenni, took a position in favor of the Hungarian revolutionaries from the first day. Now the Communists are obviously terrorized by the fear of being isolated, and the result is that the direction of the leftist opposition in Italy has passed from Togliatti into the hands of Nenni. He has not given up his old idea of a merger with the anti-Communist Social-Democrats; at the same time he is still unwilling to break definitely with the Communists. He is convinced, now as before, that the Communists will sooner or later be reduced and transformed to such a point that they could be accepted without discrimination into one great unified leftist party, even if it should have to change its name and much of its present program. As a proof of goodwill he has already declared himself ready to accept Italy's membership in NATO as well as the plan for a common European market. More concessions may be expected to come from Nenni.

THE NUMBER of people leaving the Communist Party is now so great that they have been divided in two different categories. Some join the Socialist Party, but a larger part follow a different line and leave the Left altogether. They are generally fed up with politics and look for something else. This is an interesting and significant reaction, since many of this group have actually been the most convinced Communists and made the greatest sacrifices for the cause. In that respect they remind one of what is happening now within the Communist countries themselves, where more and more people will not be satisfied with a reformed Communism, but want to get rid of Communism altogether.

This apparently insoluble dilemma was behind the screen during the Communist Congress in Italy, although very few had the moral courage to face it honestly: both the Stalinist solution and the national Communist solution are impossible, or, at any rate, both seem to lead to the destruction of Communism. If the Stalinist system had been left unmitigated, as it was in Stalin's lifetime, it might have worked for a

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long while. Violence and terror are extraordinarily efficient, and human resistance is weak. But it is too late now to return to it in its unmitigated form, for such a return would provoke dozens of Hungarian-type revolts all over the Communist world. But there is always time to adopt a system which stops all change, in fact if not in theory, by keeping up a rigid discipline and hoping for the best. This is Stalinism in its present form.

The Stalinists are right when they accuse the national Communists of having precipitated the present crisis, for unmitigated Stalinism could have avoided it. And the national Communists are right when they blame Stalinism for the present crisis. The masses had reached the breaking point of human endurance, and now Communism is so discredited that it does not seem possible to save even a moderate and reformed version of it. The present hope of the national Communists and of the opposition within the Italian Communist Party is for a reform from within which will stop somewhere about halfway, be it at the Tito level or the Gomulka level, no matter which. Just now Gomulka is the more attractive model, for he has achieved the incredible: he has gone halfway, without breaking with the USSR, and has been able to stop there. The "Polish experiment" was talked about with deep emotion during the Italian Congress. It was romantically called "the marvelous spring that came in the autumn." And everybody's heartfelt wish was: "if it could only happen here."

COMMUNISM AFTER HUNGARY

In France

ROBERT BARRAT

THE UNTHINKABLE has happened. What neither the Katyn massacre, nor the destruction of Warsaw, nor the hanging of Rajk and Kostov, nor the major Soviet purges were able to effect, the revolt of the workers of Budapest has brought about: the French Communist Party has started to move. In the space of a few weeks Party intellectuals—among them Roger Vailland, Claude Roy, Claude Morgan, Pablo Picasso, the journalist Helene Parmelin and Professor Henri Wallon—have protested against the attitude of the French leadership on the events in Hungary and, in letters to Maurice Thorez, have denounced the "offenses against revolutionary probity" and the "lack of information" in *Humanité,* the Party organ.

The central committee, which met at Ivry near Paris on November 21, debarred J. F. Rolland for having in the weekly, *Express,* been the first to reveal to "bourgeois" readers his problems of conscience because of the methods of Party leadership. He accused three other writers of having "put in the same category the aid which the Soviet Army brought to the Hungarian workers and government and the imperialist war against the Egyptian people." Deputy Georges Cogniot was sent to Professor Wallon, who after three hours discussion agreed to regret the publicity attending the letter he had signed with Picasso.

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These measures, which were surprisingly moderate, have led to the belief that the crisis is infinitely more serious than appears on the surface. In fact the present leadership—Thorez, Duclos, Fajon, Jeannette Vermeersch—has slowed Party action to a halt, and if the internal situation in France had been different, this deep-seated crisis might have speedily resulted in spectacular changes.

It all began last May with the appearance of a book by Pierre Hervé, former editorial writer for *Humanité* and a former Communist Deputy. In his book, *The Revolution and Fetishes*, Hervé attacked the fetishism which, in his opinion, had spread within the center of Communism. He called upon Communist intellectuals, who are still numerous in France, to shake off their passivity and put an end to the cult of idols. M. Hervé was immediately expelled from the Party as a result.

The revolt of Aimé Césaire, Deputy from Martinique, in mid-October made an even greater impression. He acted after a summer in which restiveness had been growing within the local cells. Among doctors, in women's organizations, in scientific circles, there was irritation over the action of Jeannette Vermeersch (the wife of Maurice Thorez) who had condemned birth control as neo-Malthusianism. And the world of the workers could not understand how the Party, under the pretext of fostering unity with the Socialist government, could associate itself with the policy of war

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and repression in Algeria by voting full power to the Mollet regime.

The highly dramatic resignation of Aimé Césaire, surrealist poet and Deputy from Martinique, was suddenly announced in this unsettled atmosphere. In an open letter to Maurice Thorez, Césaire came out as spokesman for all the Communists who had been keeping silent for months. He first took up the crimes of the Stalinists: "Yes, these deaths, these tortures, these executions," he wrote, "are crimes that posthumous rehabilitations, national funerals and official speeches cannot erase." Then he explained the essential reason for his leaving—the reason that lies close to the consciences of all French Communist intellectuals: the obduracy of their Party toward the anti-Stalin Khrushchev report: "What! all the Communist Parties are in motion. Italy, Poland, Hungary, China. And in the midst of this general ferment the French Party looks at itself and says that it is content. Never have I encountered such historic backwardness afflicting a great people."

SINCE THE Twentieth Congress the Party in France had, in fact, kept silent about the Khrushchev report. To all the militants who were surprised when *Humanité* failed to publish it, the leaders explained in cell meetings that such publication was not opportune, or that they were waiting for the true text, as the authenticity of the extracts which had been published by the bourgeois press was not certain. Actually, Khrushchev's revelations to the members of the Twentieth Congress of the horrors of the Stalin era had terrified the French Party leaders. "The best foreign disciple of Stalin," Thorez had built his whole career on "unconditional fidelity to the USSR," as it was incarnated in the "genial father of peoples." The French people have never forgotten his desertion in 1940, right after the Germano-Russian pact. Thorez went directly to Stalin on taking refuge in Moscow. This former miner, who had liked to style himself a "son of the people," came back from Russia in 1945 with ways that were far from democratic. It was he who introduced the principle of the "dominant personality" at each level of the hierarchy. The platforms of Communist congresses were thereafter adorned with immense portraits of Maurice Thorez. He no longer wore the democratic worker's cap, but a hat with a turned-up brim. He accepted gifts of a luxurious American automobile and a villa on the Riviera which further set him off from the working class.

The intellectuals of the Party would have willingly accepted all this if Thorez had not also imported into France the dictatorial methods characteristic of Stalin's USSR. Under his direction, the Party after 1947 became an army on the Prussian style. And *Humanité*, which in the years from 1925 to 1930 had been one of the most interesting of the French papers, became a prefabricated sheet of the most mediocre intellectual character.

The revolutionary imperatives, which had been preeminent at the birth of Communism, were now totally submerged. The general Party line was not determined on the basis of the interests of the French working class but rather by what it could do to serve Soviet diplomacy. Old comrades of the pre-war era such as Lecoeur, Tillon and Marty, were denounced and expelled for "Titoism." Thorez surrounded himself with a clique of yes men and pseudo-intellectuals such as Garaudy and Kanapa.

This approach reached its zenith last year with the preparations for the fourteenth Congress at Le Havre. The Khrushchev report had aroused a wave of hope among many sincere Communists who hoped that after Stalin's death the methods and customs of which in their hearts they disapproved would be definitively abandoned. To some extent throughout the various local cells people now began to express themselves, and motions were adopted claiming freedom of discussion, particularly of the theses in the Khrushchev report. But these motions never got past the level of the federal echelon. Le Havre was a cut-and-dried Congress in which two thousand hand-picked delegates came to affirm with an unwavering accent of conviction that everything was for the best in the best of Communist Parties.

IT WAS at this point that the events of Poland and Hungary broke upon the scene. Poznan, the rehabilitation of Rajk and Gomulka, the unbelievable behavior of the Russians in Warsaw and Budapest, provoked in France a new general unsettlement among the Communists. Once again *Humanité* failed to publish a report—the Gomulka report. Communists had to learn about it from the so-called bourgeois press. Even those Communists who justified the actions of the Soviet troops in Budapest as a fearful necessity could not countenance the ignoble way in which the Party leaders and *Humanité* presented the facts and characterized as "counter-revolutionary" the uprising of the Hungarian working people. The leaders of the Peace movement of the CGT labor federation, several progressist deputies allied with the Communists, and a number of writers usually considered fellow-travelers (Sartre, Vercors, Prevert) voiced their astonishment and indignation.

Meanwhile, in the rank and file among the militants, there has been a wide diversity of reaction, depending on whether these Communists are from the workers, the peasants, the middle classes, the intellectual élite or the Party apparatus. Why are there four and a half

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million Communist votes in France and only three to four hundred thousand Party members? Why has the Party enrollment dwindled by half in the past eight years? Why has the circulation of *Humanité* steadily dropped during the same period? It goes without saying that the great majority of French men and women who vote Communist know nothing about Leninism or Marxism, nor about Soviet totalitarianism either. These are the good people who vote as far Left as possible because things are going badly in France and because the Right and the Parties of the Left-Center appear to them unequal to ameliorating the lot of the disinherited.

These people will continue to vote Communist—let us have no illusions—no matter what happens. There is no use raising the question with them of concentration camps, Russian imperialism or fundamental human freedoms; that would be a waste of time. They believe that they have nothing to lose but everything to gain from the installing of a "people's democracy" in France.

On the other hand, this attitude is not characteristic of that very important minority of Frenchmen whose degree of cultivation is relatively high, who read the papers and the reviews, who think, who raise questions. These are the ones who have for several years been leaving the Party a few at a time, all the while continuing to vote with it. But they no longer approve without question whatever the Party does.

These are the ones who are beginning to change today and whose departure *en masse* would constitute a disavowal, a body blow to the present Communist leadership. The aura of sympathy which the Communist Party enjoys in France comes in large part from the moral authority which people like Joliot-Curie, Sartre, Le Brun, Madame Cotton, etc., have imparted to it for years. If these sympathizers desert, the Communist Party will realize that it is doomed—if not to disappear altogether—at least to an isolation which means ineffectuality.

That explains the moderation with which the rebels are being treated. There is also the fear that an opposition tendency will develop in the very bosom of the Party. This tendency is already taking vigorous form. "Instead of leaving the Party—to go where?—let us fight from within to achieve what the Poles and the Hungarians have achieved: to drive out the Stalinists." That is the reasoning of many Communists within the cells in Paris or the provinces. These men take issue with the arguments of Thorez and the leadership point by point. They claim that each country has the right to choose its own road toward Socialism and that vassalage to the Soviet Communist Party must end. They refuse to bow before the violations of the basic principles of Socialism of which the USSR and the French Communist Party have been constantly guilty. All of them demand the calling of an extraordinary Party congress "to reorganize the Party."

How strong is this opposition force and how far will this latent revolt, now rumbling within the various cells, be able to go? A militant Communist woman from Paris, who had just torn up her card, told me that in her cell of fifty members there were five hard-core, ten opposition and thirty-five uncertain members.

THERE IS A unique historic opportunity to unfreeze the French Communist bloc, to lead the hesitant members into the ranks of the opposition and to reintegrate in the nation a quarter of the French electoral body. But although it is headed by a Socialist, the present government seems incapable of making the most of this chance. It was a Socialist and former minister, André Philip, who said recently in an open letter to M. Mollet: "The opportunity we have awaited for forty years has come, the opportunity to win back the working class. Alas! We do not know how to profit by it. Those who quit the Communist Party will not go over to the party which is responsible for prolonging the war in Algeria and the Suez expedition."

It could not be stated better. In the face of a socially reactionary policy (no government of the Right would have dared to float a loan with conditions as favorable for capital as those of the recent Ramadier loan) and in the face of a disgraceful colonial adventure like the Algerian conflict, no Communist could return to the ranks of the French Socialist Party.

What can be hoped for at the very least is that stupid measures such as the outlawing of the Communist Party will not come to reverse the tendencies of this mass of hesitants now prey to confusion. I will cite here but one example. Throughout the early part of November, as the news of the Hungarian tragedy spread, opposition was strengthened within the bosom of the Communist Party. But one evening several thousand demonstrators set fire to the headquarters of the Communist central committee under the benevolent eye of the Paris police. That was all that was needed for the ranks to re-form immediately and to inspire a spontaneous reflex of solidarity among the Communist militants: "No matter how bad our leaders are, we must stand solidly behind them when we are attacked from without."

The only way to bring about the disappearance of Communism in France is to make it ineffectual by attacking the deep-seated causes of resentment among the poorer classes. In other words, to build homes, establish full employment, end social and fiscal injustice and make an end to colonial wars. But I do not believe that our statesmen are intelligent enough to understand such simple truths nor courageous enough to carry out their practical implications.

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MORE ON "BABY DOLL"

A FEW WEEKS ago I wrote on the "Baby Doll" controversy and concluded that there was no civil-liberties issue at stake. Since that column was written the Catholics of at least one diocese have been directed to boycott, for a period of six months, a theatre which showed the controversial film. This changes things considerably.

What I wrote about was the case of a Bishop, Cardinal Spellman, who invoked full episcopal authority to exhort Catholics to avoid a film which he had reason to believe would be an occasion of sin for many. I regarded the Cardinal's sermon as an exercise of religious liberty. Ordering a boycott not of a film but of a theatre which showed the film is something else.

I hope I understand something of the reasoning behind the decision of the Bishop who took this step. It would probably go this way. Salacious and indecent movies—and the Bishop undoubtedly puts the Kazan film in that category—are a social evil. In producing them Hollywood is cynically concerned only with its own profits. So the way to stop them is to make such films as unprofitable as possible. Any group of Americans is free to stay away from a given theatre if it chooses, and if Catholics boycott a theatre over a period of months, the box-office will register their disapproval, as no moral pronouncement of their Bishop ever could. Therefore, the Bishop probably reasoned, by boycotting the theatre, the Catholics of his diocese will be striking a blow for decency on the screen.

Presumably, the films to be shown at the boycotted theatre during the period its owner is being punished will be morally acceptable. There is no question then of avoiding the occasion of sin. The purpose is to teach the theatre-owner a lesson and to convince him, by striking at his pocketbook, that he should not exhibit films like "Baby Doll" in the future.

One can not avoid the conclusion that here is a case of naked economic pressure, a display of sheer power. If there were only a few Catholics among the theatre's patrons the quarantine would be a fruitless gesture. But there are enough to make Catholic disapproval hurt keenly, maybe even fatally. The diocese, it seems, has declared war, with the price of admission tickets the chief weapon.

Several things about this are disturbing, not the least being the candid use of non-spiritual power to achieve a worthy spiritual goal. In the long run, the flourishing of such power never works out well for the Church. There are chapters and chapters of Church history to bear out the contention that in the end the Church loses much more than she gains. Battles are won while wars are lost. The Church, seeming not to trust in her own strength, reaches out for the secular sword—in this case the economic weapon. Then she has to step down to the level of worldly struggle and looks suspiciously like any other power center.

I know it is argued that this is the way labor unions and other groups behave. But that is precisely the point. The labor union is an economic organization and should act like one. The Church is not. The Church has to rely on moving the hearts and minds of men. It must persuade. It can not use force and coercion without hopelessly clouding and distorting its own image. The world has changed radically since spiritual authority was wont to turn to the "secular arm" for support. In our society economic strength is the rough equivalent of the Inquisitional power.

All this may be, and has been, reasonably challenged. I mention it only to point up the fact that Catholics who disapprove of economic sanctions applied by the Church—and many, many do—are not indifferent to public decency. They are concerned about their Church. They do not like to see it regarded as just one more pressure organization flexing its muscles. Of course there is nothing wrong with pressure groups. A democratic society needs them. But a democratic society needs the Church too, and the Church loses in meaningful influence to the degree that it hides its own bridal identity behind swagger and cockiness.

I do not know anything about the legality of organizing a boycott, as a kind of punishment, against a business enterprise. Perhaps it would be upheld in the courts. But whether it would or not, it still creates civil-liberties problems. An effective boycott might mean that the theatre-owner would be out of business were he to stand firm, or that the boycotting group could decide what might be shown in his theatre were he to collapse under pressure.

The results in either case involve serious consequences for the community at large. The community, without any choice on its part, would be deprived of exercising its own judgment about what films it should have the opportunity to see, in fact if not in theory. All would be subject to the will of the group strong enough to close down a theatre. Such a state could make a mockery of the purely legal guarantees of a free society.

Living in a pluralistic society involves self-restraints beyond the law. All the major religious bodies in America are minority groups; each is potentially dependent on the prudent use of power by the others. As with Christianity, it is the spirit of the law rather than the letter which quickens the democratic life.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

REVERENCE FOR LIFE

MOVIE BIOGRAPHIES of the living great are few, and most of them consist of newsreel clips or of stories fictionalized to make their heroes look good. "Albert Schweitzer" is neither newsreels nor fiction. It is a straight documentary with the famous doctor playing, rather being, himself without benefit of make-up or the smooth technique of a handsome actor. He has the inspiring face of a man who has devoted most of his life to humanity, who believes that those who escape misfortune should render thanks and do for others. The first part of the film is devoted to Dr. Schweitzer's visit to the Alsatian village of his childhood (Gunsbach, France) where he's given a warm welcome. Through the skillful combination of old photographs, the motion picture photography of Erica Anderson showing the locales and a few scenes with children, a narration written by Albert Schweitzer and spoken by Frederic March, and commentary (written by Thomas Bruce Morgan and spoken by Burgess Meredith) the effect here is as of a flashback exploring Dr. Schweitzer's past. We learn of the boyhood during which he became interested in all forms of life; the university days during which he obtained degrees in philosophy, theology and music; the decision at twenty-one to devote himself to preaching, teaching and music until he would be thirty; and the still greater decision at thirty to study medicine to prepare himself for the rest of his life as a doctor in Africa.

The last half of this extraordinary film is concerned with a day at the hospital which Dr. and Mrs. Schweitzer established more than forty years ago in Lambaréné, Gabon, French Equatorial Africa. Although the first part of the movie shows Dr. Schweitzer as an elderly man of great vitality, a humanitarian, a scholar and a fine organist, it is here that we really see him in action—with his staff and with his large number of patients. A jungle doctor, particularly one working under adverse conditions in an extremely hot and humid climate, must practice both old and new methods of medicine. Some 5,000 natives with many ills, including dysentery, sleeping sickness and leprosy come during a year to the Lambaréné hospital. Since they frequently come with their whole families, quite a community has grown up here. Dr. Schweitzer tries —with not too great success—to get the natives to help with the work; his hospital is financed by his lectures and concerts and by contributions. There are some lovely shots in the film of Dr. Schweitzer and natives putting roofs on the various buildings—metal roofs, thanks to the Nobel Peace Prize money.

The film was made by Producer-director Jerome Hill and photographer Erica Anderson, who worked on the project for more than five years contending not only with a climate bad for cinematography but also with a reluctant hero of great modesty and humility. They have done a magnificent job. That makes it easy to overlook the film's flaws, its imperfect Eastman Color and its dramatic weaknesses. (A similar but more suspenseful documentary was made about Helen Keller.) "Albert Schweitzer," however, is a documentary for the ages, a permanent record of a great man who insists that all men are brothers and who *lives* his "reverence for life."

MOVIEGOERS who like their biography pretty and romantic might turn to "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." They could do worse. The movies have come a long way since the 1934 version of Rudolf Besier's play about Robert Browning's rescue of Elizabeth from her neurotic father. This new production, handsomely filmed in England in CinemaScope and Metrocolor with a first-rate cast, takes it for granted that we've learned a little about psychology in the past twenty years. Director Sidney Franklin allows his cast to underplay their roles, an approach suitable to this script by John Dighton.

"The Barretts" is now a good story with Jennifer Jones as the invalid Elizabeth languishing on a couch under the domination of her severe father, Edward Moulton-Barrett, who hates love and wants to keep it away from those dependent on him. John Gielgud is magnificent in this role, skillfully suggesting the attraction to Elizabeth, the bullying attitude which conceals the love and hate the father feels for his many sons and daughters, and winning from Elizabeth, and the audience, pity for the man. Bill Travers, who has already attracted admirers in "Wee Geordie," should add new fans with his vital, out-going portrait of Browning, the poet who falls in love with the ailing Elizabeth (six years his senior), and sweeps her off her permanent couch to Italy where they enjoy one of the happiest marriages on record.

At times "The Barretts" may seem too pretty, too poetically soft for such a grim, albeit happy-ending, story about such famous people. But Producer Sam Zimbalist set for himself no easy task in retelling the familiar story. The handsome people and sets do romanticize the themes, but the Barrett-Browning story is romantic; and Zimbalist never over-glamorizes it. The good (and necessarily large) supporting cast is led by Virginia McKenna who is excellent as Henrietta, the sister who throws her all into the revolt against Papa. Psychology students will still be interested in the events on Wimpole Street, but the film was designed for romantics who will love it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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THE STAGE

A REQUIEM FOR MORTALITY

A WIND OF time sifts the world of "Long Day's Journey Into Night," soughing darkly in its claustral parlors, making a tragic music of attrition and loss which echoes the lulling bleat of the foghorn; not a honeyed music of the eloquent spirit but deathly, grieving sharply, a requiem for the tarnished and the irrecoverable: the wedding dress folded away with love and lost in the heedless attic of time; talent rusted and run to seed; savannahs of hope grown jungle-wild with the underbrush of self; dreams of innocence and honor and God—the morning of life—all come to grief and loss. And above this dirge of mortality, the four voices of Eugene O'Neill's tragedy, each with its motifs, its resonance and timbre, rise to an intricate counterpoint of conscious pain which scorches the spirit and tears savagely at the nerves. Time they arraign, and hostile circumstance, and the corruptions of responsibility or of love in one another which have spun out of their past, their present: the drug addict from the young wife whose torment was casually, criminally stilled with narcotics; the alcoholic out of the night-haunted child made quiet with a teaspoon of whiskey; the compulsive miser bred from the youth who learned so harshly "the value of a dollar," and whose fear of poverty becomes an incubus on his soul. Inexorably, the long day moves into night: time has found you out and brought all your pride to a thought of dust: a curtain falls forever between your true self and everything that you wanted to be.

The tragic fact—the gorgon's head, obscene and petrifying—does but rarely solicit the American imagination; whatever is dark in our experience is so by default rather than allowance. We do homage to O'Neill today for having confronted that turbulent horror and wrested from it a reading of tragic experience—however schematic and halting, corrupted by theory or wilfulness—which baffles and whips by its rightness and secret order. Tragedy we may take, in the classic sense, to involve a passionate ritual of mortality, the expense of spirit in travail after glory; above all, some encounter, in Mr. Stark Young's numinous phrase, with "the flame of things as well as their ashes." Never is it less, least of all a prosy didacticism about excesses of *hybris*: always the spirit must be free to dilate on its grandeur and its dust, and the mind to stand alone in the cold pastures of eternity. The tragic world, we are told, is a world of action, and action is the translation of thought into reality: reality is the net within which character and destiny, fatality and will, tangle beyond raveling. The tragic fact is the terrible thing man brings unwittingly to birth, and which brings him to death, in torment and a flux of waste.

The movement of "Long Day's Journey" spirals inward to the tragic fact: within that adamantine chamber its four major personages weave a seamless pattern of time, suffering and nobility, those constants of tragic experience which, ever since Oedipus, have brought the hero to transcendence. It is not, however, apotheosis at which the figures of O'Neill's drama arrive, nor even death, but a love baffled and ceaseless—that, and the recognition of some dark necessity outside of time. This wisdom, and its loving use, invests these ostensible victims of luckless circumstance and broken will with a resonant nobility which elevates their fable to exemplary power: their suffering has irrefutable authority, however much they, themselves, try to escape the nullifying gaze of life, the gorgon, with whiskey and with drugs. Yet nothing is here for tears, nor for the pity which is other than marmoreal and chaste: rather, what we offer to this spectacle is a kind of wonder at the tragic poise, at once massive and fragile, in which O'Neill has brought his figures to rest. This reverberating equation of justice and mercy, within which O'Neill orders their pain to mysterious ends, is one to humble the arrogance of the mind, and flood the soul with a somber and ancient light. One looks on the tragic muse in "Long Day's Journey," nor possibly in all our drama may we read a deeper tracing of its grave and classic features.

Some weeks have passed since my attendance at Mr. Jose Quintero's justly celebrated production of "Long Day's Journey," and I find it to linger curiously in the imagination, taking slow shape as a kind of tissue of life, bred out of memory and experience and inchoately felt, with the quality of some old inarticulate story, half-hearted. I am restive, therefore, in commenting on an event which seems to me so susceptible to variations in stress and mood, so vulnerable to the caprice of feeling and the inconstancy of color and tone. Mr. Quintero's production is securely anchored in the ambience of a bleached, exhausted setting by

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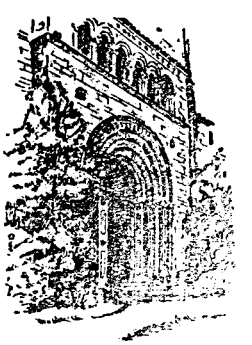

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Mr. David Hays, and washed by Mr. Tharon Musser's spectral lighting. The director has effaced his personal style and sensibility from the occasion with ascetic rigor: such abstinent humility does him honor as artist, yet one cannot but feel that some infusion of private sentiment, some pressure or strains of lyricism and profound romantic loss might brush this monochromatic world into a denser and more lustrous texture. The mode of O'Neill's theater realism, whatever its plausible surface of naturalistic detail and character, is special and unique—closer in tone and pattern to the morality, even the parable or allegory. Its style demands an investiture of some baroque expression—a considerable degree of high artifice, of rhetoric and even formal declamation would not be alien here. It would also create some variety within the hidden unity and design of the whole, a major aesthetic problem in a text such as that of "Long Day's Journey," which draws much of its power from an obliterating monotony, a compulsive repetitiveness and steady rain of imprecation.

As it is, the task falls wholly on Mr. Quintero and his actors, and, while they give us invariably a magisterial surface of actuality, we do not always feel so profoundly as we might the internal turbulence and thrust of fate. Mr. Frederic March would be wise to chasten the impulse to a spurious realism which moves him to thicken his speech as alcoholic stupor sets in; his confession of lost illusions should have something more of massive dignity and insupportable consciousness in it, none of which need entail a reduction in pathos. Mr. Bradford Dillman must dilate the dreams and romantic accents of the youngest son—least realized of the quartet—into a richer yearning and poetry of aspiration. The experience of fashioning the character of the mad Hickey in "The Iceman Cometh" has schooled Mr. Jason Robards, Jr. in the O'Neill mode, and his hot misanthropy and punishing self-disgust are searing.

Miss Florence Eldridge, as the mother receding into the tunnel of time, has assumed what may possibly be the most arduous and exacting role in American dramatic literature. She gives a performance of tender and desolate sensibility, soberly grieving in its arias of loss. The deeper reaches of the dramatic experience Miss Eldridge must convey are not immediately apparent in her playing, though doubtless by now she has found a technique with which to illumine these austere and transcendent intimacies. Truth to tell, our theater sustains no convention within which actors may explore the mode of tragic realism and fatality demanded for the projection of such roles. In its absence, Miss Eldridge should rinse her performance of a certain stain of petulance and spite; her demarcation of the character's simultaneous traffic between planes of absence and passion and remembrance could be altogether sharper and more incisive; she might risk the audacities of a pathos less domestic, more plangent and musical. Style alone dilates the spectacle of such pain with tragic nobility; only the distance of art permits us to look on the gorgon without fear. (*At the Helen Hayes.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

BOOKS

Bright, Brisk Retread of Old, Familiar Faces

THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

YOUNG COLT marries ideal (Law), struggles to keep his virginity in Wall Street, succeeds only in baffling colleagues, clients. Young Colt is suddenly pained when his professional idol and old-school mentor stops preaching the "philosophy of law" to him, and delivers him to the pragmatic wolves. Young Mrs. Colt comes out in favor of reluctant compromise. Young Colt divorces ideal, vengefully makes his peace with the golden calf, removes to the club, finds consolation with Park Avenue divorcee: the Great Whirl is on. Young Colt, proving too "literal" for the social and literate body, loses legal shirt, finds self, is had back by spouse and offspring, contemplates unscrambling ideal. All is ruin, all is bliss.

Louis Auchincloss is a member of the New York Bar, and the reader presumes that he has at least a segment of the law office pretty well nailed down in his story. As much cannot be presumed for his apparent endeavor to fuse this segment and the "great world" as but two facets of the same personality stultification; it may, in truth, be doing the writer an injustice, however dignifying, to infer any express intent. But there is the title, and Mr. Auchincloss is nothing if not a conscious writer. Is he trying to picture worldly ambition as a psychological distortion mirror? A note of rather tinny pretension along these lines escapes from that title.

In spite of its being too flyweight to be termed "pessimistic," or "decadent," *The Great World* sometimes is quite free with surface tones paying duty to the vogue of these and other attitudes. It is even more sour than bitter. The all-pervading sense is of a work terribly attuned not so much to the times as to a certain timeliness, straining compulsively for the ultimate chic; of an author who knows, ah, too well, the "timely" fever chart. But the times are an ungrateful master, regardless of how faithful to them the writer thinks himself.

A veritable plague of echoes is discharged, and they are distinctly those of the new decorum in novels about "sensitive" middle-class place-

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hunters for middle-brow sophisticates. The initiated need not be told that the hero's promotion is his nemesis, the point whereat he graduates from rationalized anxiety to untempered agony. There is this to be said for Timothy Colt, that he is no slouch at the gymnastics. It does seem that the only way a man can climb in the professions these days is by taking the easy way, and taking it damned hard. And that's really climbing with your feet on the ground.

The success secret in this fiction is the extent to which author participates in hero's nightmare of progress; for this is the same jungle—and one with reasoned claim to a half-acre of reality—in which *he* is toiling to make the grade. It is all paced with a thin detachment whose only stay is glibness. It is perhaps not merely tic which causes the Auchincloss narrative, notorious as it is for so much agonizing, to be equally prodigal with shrugging. It is a minutely contemporary mixture.

The narrative is gossipy and flip. The brisk dialogue has been ladled to the syllable. In perpetual transformation, New York defies evocation, so the fact that it is nowhere felt is not too distressing. Observing and observable throughout is a wintry eye for easily satirized Manhattan character-types. The author has pelted his worldlings with a plethora of modish insights, yet his general knowledge of people is that sufficiency which suffices not, at least not where the making of a novel is concerned. He has been careful that Colt veer from the upbeat path in all the right directions (one exception: no homosexual unconscious); that he suspect all political alignments; that he taste the fruits of cultivation in relaxing with his vis-à-vis to the appropriate baroque musical accompaniment.

It may be a transparent pot Mr. Auchincloss has got boiling, and it may all eventually pall on the most engaged reader. But what perspicuous reader would deny that Timothy errs from the good fight with a poise that would give pause to Mr. Sloan Wilson's faceless wonder? This might have been subtitled: From Gray Flannel to Threadbare.

James as Journalistic Critic

THE PAINTER'S EYE. By Henry James. Edited by John L. Sweeney. Harvard University Press. $4.

By JAMES R. MELLOW

IN HIS introduction to this volume of reviews on painters and painting which James contributed to newspapers and periodicals during the late 1800's, Mr. Sweeney apologizes somewhat for James's too firm grasp on the taste of the time. It is true that the pieces are topical, tied to the actualities and preferences of the day by all the strings which James, in his journalism, managed so admirably. Many of the reputations he discusses — those of Troyon, Millais, Burne-Jones, Meissonier—are thoroughly deflated so far as modern taste is concerned. But, if only by the energy and interest of his own observations, style, and wry humor (a quality seldom

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mentioned in James, but one always in evidence) he resuscitates their figures. Mr. Sweeney tries hard to acquit James for his lack of critical foresight in dismissing the Impressionists — and along with them, Whistler—on the grounds of a strong body of professional opinion (mainly Fromentin and Ruskin) which was also against them. To this defense he might have added some equally remarkable examples of critical blindness; Baudelaire's silence on Manet or Zola's dissatisfaction with Cézanne. He also makes a good, if not an especially solid, case for James's reevaluation of these painters in his later years.

If his taste in painting remained close to the literary preferences of his time, James was obviously capable of making discerning judgments within its frame of reference; his favorable analysis of Sargent is nailed with a fine perception of the artist's ultimate failure, and though he appreciated Reynolds' apple-cheeked youngsters, he could point out that "Velasquez's children are the children of history; Sir Joshua's of poetry, or at least of rhymed lullaby-literature." His piece for the New York *Tribune* on the purchase of Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," an epic picture of Napoleon in the field bought by a New York collector for an extravagant price, is both a consummate piece of journalism as well as an indication of his critical sharpness. The painting, he admitted, had its legend, "that little nebulous body of anecdote which hovers, like the tail of a comet, in the rear of every nine days' wonder." He took "an acute satisfaction in seeing America stretch out her long arms and rake in, across the green cloth of the wide Atlantic, the highest prizes in the game of civilization," but he found the work finally wanting. "It seems to me it is a thing of parts rather than an interesting whole. The parts are admirable and the more you analyze them the better they seem. The best thing, say, is a certain cuirassier, and in the cuirassier the best thing is his clothes, and in his clothes the best thing is his leather straps, and in his leather straps the best thing is the buckles. This is the kind of work you find yourself performing over the picture; you may go on indefinitely." It would be difficult to think of any temporary balloon more cleanly punctured.

That he should be able to keep his critical judgment and his personal taste as discrete as anyone could want or expect in a writer is one of the distinguishing qualities in James as a journalist, as noticeable in this collection as it is in his other pieces on the theatre and contemporary letters. He wrote a provocative and topical prose but, evidently, it was not considered topical enough for some of his readers. A few months after his dispatch on the Meissonier painting, one finds him writing to the editor of the *Tribune*: "I am afraid that I can't assent to your proposal that I should try and write otherwise. I know the sort of letter you mean—it is doubtless the proper sort of thing for the *Tribune* to have. But I can't produce it. . . If my letters have been 'too good' I am honestly afraid that they are the poorest I can do, especially for the money! I had better, therefore, suspend them altogether."

At the very least, the present volume proves that there really *was* a time when you could pick up a daily newspaper covering the visual arts and expect to find substantial fare.

Critical Insights

EASTER IN SICILY. By Herbert Kubly. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

HERBERT Kubly's previous book, *American In Italy*, non-fiction National Book Award winner in 1955, stirred as much alarm as admiration on this side of the Atlantic. The Washington Administration disliked his outspoken criticism of State Department policies and American Catholics disliked his literal accounts of exuberant Italian Church festivals. That Mr. Kubly is a self-confessed Democrat and Protestant gave a conven-

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ient toe-hold to both flanks of the attack.

Easter in Sicily will do the same. Not a whit less militantly Democratic, the author here strikes again at the Procrustean bed of U. S. immigration laws; still a Protestant and a natural reporter, he again witnesses that religious emphasis and interpretation may vary from culture to culture, and—as many an American Holy Year pilgrim discovered—never more so than from Mediterranean countries to Puritan-colored United States.

It is indicative that one Catholic reviewer of *Easter in Sicily* has already charged Mr. Kubly with inaccuracy for his observation that Sicilian Catholicism owes something to its historical precedent of pagan religious rites.

What can be gained by such international "It is so—It is not" bickering is only confusion. Closer readers than the reviewer quoted will have noticed what Mr. Kubly himself mentions in the foreword to the present book, an increase of understanding for his subjects. The author himself credits this to his friend Fra Giorgio Eldarov, O.F.M. Conventual of Rome.

In an interview early in 1956, Mr. Kubly remarked that if he should one day become a Catholic, as then seemed to him probable, it it would be also to the credit of Fra Giorgio. "But," he added, thoughtfully, "it would have to be the European kind of Catholic—not the American."

The predicament of Mr. Kubly and his books demonstrates a question facing the Church as squarely as it faces secular politicians. What, more than education, is needed to formulate a practical application of either the Mystical Body or "One World"?

Beyond this, *Easter in Sicily* offers insights into the Latin world under invasion by various barbarians, a great many tourist episodes, some amusing and some acid, all evincing a quality of compassion perhaps possible only to an American democrat of public school background. Mr. Kubly's personal history of education and experience may not make him the best possible reporter of Mediterranean society—he gives almost no attention, for example, to the aristocracy, and what he does give is contemptuous. Then again, it may.

Either way, it would seem that his point of view is too considerable to be brushed off with merely a charge of inaccuracy, of irreverence. It is quite possible that Mr. Kubly belongs to that category of reporters who can, and will, reshape in some measure the thinking of his age.

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